Gotham's Crime Prince

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Poison Ivy and Harley Quinn. After getting Harley away from the Joker, the two are now dating. However, after witnessing a wizard duel, Ivy grows interested in learning more. After learning of Harry Potter from Zatanna, the two lovers decide he will be beneficial to some of their schemes...However...They weren't expecting to almost immediately fall in love with the little boy...

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Chapter 1

The night was dark and foggy, as it usually was in the city if Gotham. The night however had been quiet, strange for a city so filled with Deadly Criminals. Our story focuses on two of these Criminals, who had been having a fun night with one another...

In an alleyway, a woman with skin tinted green and red hair, covered up by a Dark Green short dress and a shorter woman with blonde pigtails in what appeared to be a schoolgirl uniform, were kissing profusely.

However, their session was brought to an abrupt end when two men from another world entirely decided to break the laws of their people...

The two men hadn't noticed the lovely couple and the redhead was highly annoyed. As she attempted to call out to him, the other woman clamped a hand over her mouth and forced her to watch the strange men. They were both circling each other, pointing sticks at one another with murderous glares in their eyes. "Come on Jackson...You've never beaten ME before...you won't do so now. Join us." the blonde man said to the brunnete.

"No Briggs! The Death Eaters are a curse."

The redhead's eyebrow raised. She was intrigued by these men and their odd sticks...She wondered what would happen... The blonde, for her part, thought the two men were weirdos. The two stopped circling each other. The air grew heated...then.

"CRUCIO!"

"EXPELLIARMUS!"

In a flash of light, one was on the floor in agony while the Blonde stood over, disarmed. "If only you'd joined..." suddenly the man

disappeared. The brunette writhed in agony for a bit before disappearing as well.

The Redheaded woman was intrigued. The clown like woman gasped. "They're Magic! Like Zattana!"

"Yes...I thought magic users were rare..." The redhead purred, interested by this development. "Something tells me we need to get a little information from Zatanna if we want to know more about this..."

Harley Quinn pouted, "Buuuut Reeed! I thought we were gonna go home and...spend the night together..."

Poison Ivy looked back at her new lover. "But Harley dear...My baby's need an extra kick. How about tomorrow?" Harley shrugged then nodded, going back to babbling to herself.

Ivy thought back to the magic show that happened to be going on tonight...she sadistically grinned and pulled her girlfriend along to intercept the magician...

later

Zatanna had been changing into normal wear to head home when she heard the dressing room door creak open slowly. She turned to see who it was, only to see the notorious criminal, Poison Ivy, staring at her from the doorway.

"Why hello...I believe I need information."

Zatanna frowned and put a hand on her hip. "Information on...what, exactly?" She asked, preparing to fight back if need be.

She sauntered into the room, moving closer. "My...friend...and I encountered two magical men in cloaks, waving sticks at each other. They were British. Care to explain?"

Zatanna bit her lip. "Weeell, they DO prefer to keep it secret...But I never really liked the wizarding community anyway..."

Ivy went ahead and took a seat. Zatanna remained standing. "Please tell, who is the strongest of those magic users?" Ivy persisted. Zatanna's eyes narrowed and she opened her mouth to say a quick combat spell, but last second a concealed Harley Quinn jumped out and injected a serum into her arm quite Harshly.

Ivy believed that she could manipulate that Wizard into empowering her beloved children. If so, there'd be no stopping her! Harley pulled the serum out. "You sure it's a good idea to make your plants magic?" She said, unsure of the plan. "I mean...What if you lose control of them...?" Ivy raised a brow curtly.

"Harley, I'm disappointed. I thought you really knew me." She said with a mock pout.

Harley giggled and pulled the magician to her feet and tossed her in a chair. Ivy leaned forward, speaking her command so the Serum would take effect. "Tell us everything about that Wizarding world.

Zatanna let out a soft groan before answering, telling them all about wizard England in specific detail. Her mind being too hazy to mutter a counter spell, Ivy and Harley left that theatre. Right after Harley robbed the convenience section of it's candy of course.

Ivy was going over this in her head. Harry Potter, a boy who should be four by now, was the most powerful wizard? A child? It was all very strange. Though she supposed, getting him on her side wouldn't be hard. Children, while she agreed were innocent and cute, simply didn't have the mental capacity to see anything wrong with her- Ivy was shoved into the plant bed by Harley as they entered the greenhouse. Ivy smirked. The child could wait just a little bit longer...

The next day...

Ivy had been tending to her plants for the first half of the day, waiting for Harley to return. Ivy and Harley had been dating for about a month now, what with Ivy's truth serum finally having an effect on women and all, Quinn had returned to her senses and begun dating her almost immediately. It warmed Ivy's cold heart... The Joker had been annoyed to lose his favourite henchwoman, but he had gotten over it relatively quickly. Ivy despised the man...He never cared about Harley...

But she did! And she was going to make sure that woman became her Queen!

Her mental rant was interrupted by Harley busting through the door with a bag full of items. Fake IDs and Passports along with three plane tickets, two around, one to Gotham. The botanist smirked as she turned to her girlfriend. "Great job, dear." She said cheerfully. "Now, what do you say we pack our bags and go out to dinner to celebrate tomorrow's flight?"

Harley grinned and spun around, cartwheeling over to her costume drawer to dress. "Iceberg lounge~!" she singsonged while Ivy changed back to her villainous attire.

"Yes, dear, Iceberg Lounge as always." She replied with a smile, rolling her eyes slightly at her partner's antics.

As the two left for the restaurant, we flash an ocean away to #4 Privet. Where an early rising Harry Potter was washing the dishes as quick as he could.

He had to hurry! His uncle was going to wake up any minute, and if he didn't finish in time, he was going to kill him!

So, rinsing off the suds he rubbed the dishes with another cloth to dry them. He turned to see the spotless kitchen and felt unfamiliar pride in his tummy. Most Telly People would want this kitchen clean! Harry clambered up onto the counter and began putting the plates away. However, his pride was immediately shattered...and so was

the plate that he had ended up dropping... As it hit the floor he felt his Uncle rise from the bed upstairs, as the floorboards creaked violently.

"BOOOOOY!"

The little boy whimpered. He wasn't going to get his bread for the day...

Meanwhile...

During Dinner, Ivy had her usual salad while Harley ordered nothing but deserts. The lounge was mostly empty, allowing the two to talk about their plans. "Ya really think getting a tiny kid in your greenhouse is a Good idea?" Harley pestered.

"I'm merely using the child to gain more power. I believe it is." Ivy responds.

Harley pouted. "IIIIIIvyyyyy...That's a terrible thing to say." The blonde chastised. "It's still a little kid we're talking about here..." Ivy sighed. Harley had become a major softie after leaving the Joker.

"Look, What do you want me to do? Mother him?" she asked sarcastically. Harley however nodded.

"According to Zee his Mommy and daddy died by the voldey guy. If you nurture 'im he'll probably do what you ask more! Simple psychology." Said the Crazy Shrink.

Ivy tilted her head and adopted a thoughtful expression. "...That's a wonderful idea." She replied with a smirk. "I just hope you don't end up hogging all the mothering for yourself."

"Oh please! You'll hog him! Remember the earthquake? You adopted a crap ton of orphans." Ivy nodded in agreement and simply went back to eating, before a shocking conclusion reached her. "Harley...does this mean that we're...technically adopting children?"

"Well, A kid, but...yeah, I guess it does." Harley put a hand to her head. "Wow, we're takin' a really big step here, huh?" Ivy nodded and faked a groan.

"What the heck have I done...Well we should probably get back and start packing. Come along Harley." she said, slapping some money down on the table and leading her girlfriend out.

Meanwhile...

Young Harry was bleeding and trembling, curled up in the bowels of his cupboard after getting beaten by Vernon's fists. He hurt...he didn't want this...he wanted love...but he didn't deserve it. But...If somebody, anybody, would come along and decide to love him...He certainly wasn't going to turn them away... No matter what they did... So, too injured to move, he let the freakishness take hold and begin healing him...

the next day, noon

Harley, dressed like a normal person sadly, followed her hat wearing girlfriend out of the airport to their cab. "Number Four, Privet Drive. Quickly please." Ivy said hardly, realising how close she was to having a kid and taking over Gotham. Her heart was racing at what felt like Mach 10!

The cab driver scoffed in indignation. "No need for that tone-"

"Just drive, buster, she's in one of her moods." Harley whispered warningly in the man's ear. The man shrugged and took off down the highway. Ivy stared out the window the whole time. Harley tried her best to get her attention but she found one effective way of doing so... All she did was simply poke her in the sides, as Ivy was secretly VERY ticklish. "Harley, not now..." She tried to inch away from her girlfriend.

"Tickle tickle!~" Harley sang.

"Harley I-heh, heheh! HAHAHAHA! No! Harley!"

Harley simply began to get her in her pressure points, causing her to thrash about, maniacally laughing. When she stopped, Ivy glared at her and Harley gave her a hug. "I know...but Ya have to relax."

Ivy sighed. "I CAN'T relax, Harley...We're about to adopt a kid! What if he doesn't even want us?!"

Harley giggled sadistically. "He'll want us. You remember the plan yeah?" Ivy sighed...but it was true. The plan was pretty iron clad. They turned into that street...Ivy had them stop a few houses away and thanked the driver, paying before heading up the street in the setting sun. They'd been in the car longer than she'd thought! The two walked in silence, both thinking about the new family member they were taking under their roof. Ivy was nervous, Harley was...kind of giddy.

Then, they head something...

An agonized scream...

A CHILD'S agonized scream...

They rushed to the window and peeked in. What they saw was something that Joker would do! The little child was being kicked and hit with a rod by an overly large fat man. The little one HAD to be Harry! It was disgusting! Absolutely horrendous! The two women nodded at one another and Harley pulled on a clown mask and a hood, pulling out her mallet from nowhere and stomping over to the door?

With a battle cry, the blonde slammed her mallet into the door as hard as she could, knocking it right off its hinges and sending it crashing down to the floor.

Harry took the time Vernon had spent rushing to the door to hide behind a chair. He saw a strange figure standing in front of Uncle

Vernon, suddenly hitting him with a mallet and sending him sprawling. Then she swig the mallet down on his head and turned away.

The mallet person wanted to kill him too probably! So with a scream he dashed out through the back door while Harley set to work on Petunia and a sleeping Aunt Marge. The barking of Ripper the bulldog could be heard from upstairs, but Harry ignored it and ran to hide behind a tree, hugging his knees and hyperventilating in a panic. He heard screaming from the house. The sounded like Aunt Marge and Aunt Petunia! He saw another figure try to emerge from the back door and Harry freaked, dashing over to the gate and breaking the rules by squeezing out of it and running towards town. Ivy sighed. They'd effectively scared him... She followed the little one at a brisk pace, changing into her usual get up, but with a trench coat over it to avoid suspicion.

Harry finally collapsed onto the sidewalk, unable to run any further due to his injuries. He prayed the killer wasn't still following him...If she was, he was a goner... Harry realized that being on the sidewalks meant that he could be seen! So he quickly crawled into an alley and tried to make himself tiny.

But, Harry had picked up some...child loving pursuers. As he stayed cuddled up to the trash can he saw one of the men walking up the alley. "Where'd 'e go?!" The child stiffened, squeaking in terror. More people had found him! He was in big trouble now...

Ivy had noticed the men following Harry and frowned. That wasn't part of the plan...What did they want with the boy? As Harry relaxed when the large man walked away, another pair of arms wrapped around his neck and pinned him against the wall. "I got him! Our new addition to the ring. Yeah...this one'll sell nicely." Harry started to cry. What did they want?! Why were they talking about a ring?! Harry almost fell unconscious before he heard the men scream and release him, dropping him down on to the ground.

Ivy growled in anger as the men were hung by her vines, and she turned her attention to the child. He was an absolute wreck...He was clearly traumatized from the experience of being abused, seeing his abusers killed, and then nearly having...THAT happen to him. Growling, she turned to the men still hanging from her vines, struggling and squirming to escape. "I'll let my partner deal with YOU." She spat, knowing Harley had picked a thing or two about torture up from her ex.

Harry curled up into a ball and attempted to look small again. Then...an angelic voice called out to him.

"Are you alright?" Groaning, he sat up to see a Redheaded lady staring down at him. Ivy had not intended for it, but...she was actually beginning to experience complete, genuine sympathy for this little boy...

Harry thought she was beautiful...but she was only being nice out of pity. He knew he was a freak. He flinched away when she reached out to touch him. Then, quite suddenly, he was snatched up into her arms, and held tightly against her bosom. He was surprised...but...he loved it... "I'm so sorry..." she whispered to him. Harry was enjoying the attention very much at the moment... Suddenly he was adjusted so the two were simply sitting in front of each other. "Hello there." she greeted.

Harry was disappointed. He wanted to be held more...But...She was still there, and that was good enough for him. He looked at her adoringly. "My name is Ivy. Can you tell me yours?"

Ivy knew what it was. She just wanted to hear his voice. "I-I'm...um..."

He looked confused...then Ivy realized that he didn't know it. They must've only used terms to describe him... She had to think of something...Luckily, she came up with a plan. "...I'll name you Harry, then. Harry Potter..." She tossed some ideas around her head before

settling on a name she thought fit him perfectly. At least, she liked the name. "Harry Jester Potter-Isley."

Harry started to cry tears of joy. His own name...He had his own name now! This woman had given him more than he had ever had in his life... A name...A hug...All he needed was his teddy...Wait...His teddy was still back with the person who killed his family!

Harry suddenly heard a happy babbling from around the corner of the alley. He flinched and tried to hide inside Ivy' shoulder before she laid a gentle hand on his head. "It's alright. That's just my friend."

"Ivy, Ivy, I'm baaaack~! An' I brought this cute little bear for the little guy! Found it in a cupboard...Not sure why it was there, but it's cute."

Harry looked up at her and smiled smally. "My Teddy..."

Ivy awwed at him then introduced the two. "Harry, This is Harley. My Girlfriend. She and I had an offer for you." Harry looked at the pretty woman, then to the other pretty woman, who smiled and waved at him.

"W-what kind of...offer?"

Miss Harley grinned widely and Miss Ivy smiled. "Harry...you've suffered...so much. So me and Harley...want to...we want to be your mothers..." she told him gently.

Harry's breath hitched. He stared back and forth between the two women, completely unable to believe his good fortune... Mothers...He could have a family...? But...wasn't there supposed to be a daddy too? Harry shook his head. He didn't care in the slightest...They were kind, and that was all that mattered to him.

He started to tear up, growing emotional at the prospect of it all. The men dangling from the vines started to yell but were suddenly silent as the vines tightened. Harley motioned for Ivy to cover Harry's ears and she did. Harley pulled out her pistol and shot them both in the

feet. "Leeet's...let Harley talk to the bad men alone, shall we?" Ivy said gently, carrying Harry away as Harley grinned sadistically. Half an hour later, Harley exited the alley with a satisfied look on her face and blood on her hands. Ivy had simply been rocking him back and forth on a bench outside a barber shop.

"Sooo...Now what are we gonna do, head back to Gotham or stick around here and see the sights?" Harley asked.

"g-gotham...?"

Ivy smiled and patted the bench next to her for Harley to sit down. Then she began to explain. "Now Harry. Where we come from, we aren't considered...good people." she was cut off by a hug from Harry. He was oddly affectionate...

"No...you're good..."

Ivy bit her lip. "Yes, to you we may SEEM good, but...really, we're...we're criminals..."

This was probably hurting their chances...but they had to be honest! In Harry's mind he almost grew scared. But then he remembered his oath. They showed him love...he wasn't giving it up. He shook his head. "I-I like you...y-you gave m-me a name..."

Harley blinked and turned to her partner in confusion. "You renamed him?" She asked with a tilted head.

"He didn't know his name. So I named him Harry Jester Potter-Isley." she told her sincerely.

Harley pouted. "Can't it be Isley-Quinzel? Jester is tacky..."

Ivy sighed. "All right, all right, Isley-Quinzel it is then." She conceded.

"Yay!" Harley cheered, clapping her hands. They were both interrupted by sudden tears. Harry had started crying and Ivy wasn't

sure. Harley however, knew what was happening. He was overwhelmed.

She approached the other woman slowly. "...Hey, Ivy...Mind if I hold him for a bit?" She said softly, holding out her arms with a pleading look on her face.

Ivy nodded, "Course you can."

Then Ivy passed him to her and Harley started the Insta-Snuggle session. "Awww look at you! So widdle! I'm gonna put you in a panda suit, and constanly snuggle you!"

Ivy rolled her eyes. "Oh, Harley, you big softie." She said fondly, putting her hands on her hips with a smile.

"Oh shush Red. He loves it."

True to her word, he was tearfully smiling at he coddling and accepted the snuggles and the kisses from the only two people who'd ever been nice to him. Ivy stared at the little boy, and let a small smile grace her features. Harley smiled at her girlfriend. So her beloved Ivy was genuinely falling for the little child... She internally giggled, She probably wouldn't admit it for a long time. But the new small family would know. Ivy picked him out of the Jester's arms and carried him so he was reverse-piggy backing. "Now Harry, there are some rules you need to know for when we go home." she said, booping his nose.

Harry nodded. He could do rules. He was very good at following them. So, he looked up at his caregiver, awaiting the inevitable chore list. "Now there are some plants in my garden that are very dangerous and I need you to stay away from them. Please don't wander off into the streets of the city without me or Mama-Harley watching you. Also if you ever have a problem, please tell me." she said, listing them as she walked.

Harry nodded, then waited for the list of chores. He was confused when she said nothing more, however... "Um...What about the list of chores?" He asked timidly. "I have to earn my keep..."

"Oh right uh..." Ivy was lost on what to say.

Harley helped however, when she jumped in. "You have to do a pouty face at least once a day! Starting now!" she exclaimed, intending to get a cute look. Ivy scoffed.

"Honestly, Harley, you're such a child." Harley ignored her, instead opting to stare eagerly in anticipation of the cute face on the little boy.

Harry looked down. "I...don't k-kn-know how..."

Harley squeeled and clapped her hands. "Okay hun, stick out your bottom lip, then make your eyes big!" she ordered, and Harry did so hesitantly and looked back at her. Harley dropped and clutched her chest. "Oh my! It's so...cute!"

Ivy sighed. "Dear, drop the theatrics and let's go home already, okay?"

"IIIIIvyyyy, look at hiiiiim!" Harley whined.

Ivy rolled her eyes and did so, suddenly freezing and her mouth dropping open. "Ohmygoshthatisthecutestfacei'veeverseen!" she exclaimed, hugging the little one tightly against her chest. Harry smiled into her and waited, letting the heat that radiated off of her. Ivy blushed. "...Okay, yes...he IS cute...So what?" She said, mildly annoyed at her girlfriend. Harley snickered.

"Now who's the softie?" She teased.

Ivy sighed, "Come along Honeysuckle." she said affectionately to Harry, leading him to a cab and slipping in, Harley carrying the bags

and babbling like a ditz. When they got to the Airport it was totally dark outside. Harry didn't know where they were though.

"Um...What is this place?" The child asked timidly. "It's..." He flinched at the sound of an airplane flying overhead. "R-R-Really, REALLY loud..."

Harley and Ivy nodded at each other knowingly. Harry hated loud noises... Harley snatched away Harry and covered his ears. "Sorry little guy!" She gently rocked him back and forth. "No worries, we'll be outta here before ya know it!"

"By the way, Harley, we do have some time before our flight...Let's get him fed."

Harley nodded, "Course! He's just a little skelelton. Who I bet is ticklish!" she said, starting to tickle the little guy. He began to laugh uncontrollably as Harley got a hold of him. Ivy laughed at the scene

After a minute, she gently took the boy away from his playful, clownish mother. "Okay, that's enough now. Don't give the poor thing a laugh attack."

Harley pouted but agreed and they simply took Harry over to a simple Coffee Shop and ordering Coffee's for them and a muffin and hot chocolate for the little one. He'd been so shy during ordering! Ivy eventually ordered his food for him since he could scarcely speak without squeaking in shyness and hiding behind Harley's leg. "Your son is so cute!" the barista complimented whilee making their order. She was brewing the coffee when she turned back to the two and smiled. "So...are you two...together?"

"Yep!" Harley declared proudly, holding Ivy's hand. "And we adopted Harry here really recently. We're one big happy family!"

The Barista smiled. "I'm glad! You all look very Happy together." she said, finishing her coffee and setting it on the counter. "Enjoy!" Ivy and Harley accepted their orders gratefully, and the barista came

back with Harry's shortly afterwards. "Have a nice flight!" she called out, getting back to work while they sat in the seats. Harry looked at his giant muffin confusedly.

Harley saw him from the corner of her eye and raised a brow. "Hey, kid, what's goin' on? Aren't ya gonna eat your muffin?" She asked with a smile.

"I-I can eat all of it?" he asked, albeit silently. Harley gained a sad look and Ivy gently steered the ship.

"Of course you can. You can eat all the food you want when we get home."

Harry gave her an uneasy glance, then took a small bite out of his muffin. After that little nibble, he began attacking the pastry, devouring the chocolate chip muffin at a rapid pace.

Ivy and Harley grinned at the progress. In short time Harry had finished half the muffin. His face was colored brown. Harley giggled and pulled a handkerchief from her pocket. "Tch...You're all messy, little guy! Mama Harley's gonna clean you RIIIIGHT up!" She cooed happily as she cleaned the leftover muffin from the tiny boy's face. Harry giggled at the loving gesture and let Harley scrub him off. Ivy laughed at her coddling and ruffled Harry's head as she sat on her lap.

'I knew this was a good idea.' She thought with a smirk. 'A very, VERY good idea indeed...'

When they FINALLY boarded the flight Harry looked around in surprise. He'd never been on such a thing, and didn't know what it could do. Luckily, they had first class so their trip should be pleasant. And no one else went to Gotham anyway. The class was basically empty. The trio sat in silence for a good ten minutes, before Harley decided to break the silence. "So...Harry. Since we're alone...I think Ivy has something she needs to tell you."

Ivy was confused fit a moment before realization hit her. "Oh...Harry...I can do, strange things..• she told him, reaching into her bag to pull out some dirt in a cup she had saved.

Harry tilted his head curiously. "Really? Me too!" He said. "What can you do? I don't think it'll be freaky like the stuff I do..."

Harley and Ivy exchanged glances. So he was aware of his magic...but he called it freaky stuff. Ivy gave him a small smile and shook her head. "Watch this."

Holding the dirt cup she held her hand over it, a vine springing from the dirt and tickling Harry's face. He giggled at it and looked at her in awe. "Wow...That's so cool..." He said softly. "I wish my freaky stuff could do cool stuff like that..."

Harley grinned and Ivy laughed. "Honeysuckle...what if I told you that it could?" Ivy asked the meek child.

Harry looked at her in confusion. "Um...H-Huh? What do you mean? My freaky stuff is bad, and I can't ever do it...I need to be punished if I ever do it...Okay?" Harley and Ivy sandwhiched Harry in their hugs, leaving him comfy, confused and being in a position that most men would kill to be in.

"No... Harry-" Ivy started

"We won't-" Harley continued,

"EVER-" Ivy emphasised

"Hurt Ya." Harley finished,

Harry smiled tearfully. "Oh...Okay...Th-Thank...you..." He said softly, sounding ready to break down again at any moment. Still sandwhiched, the two vixens of Gotham rubbed his head in every effort to calm him and make him feel safe. It seemed to work as

Harry attempted to hug both of them, but he couldn't have them both at the same time. The two women smiled at his struggle.

'EEEEEE, I LOVE HIM SO MUCH, HE'S SO DANG CUTE, WHY'S HE SO DANG CUUUUUUUUUTE?!' Harley internally gushed in delight.

'...He really is a sweet little thing...' Ivy thought to herself. 'A very sweet, innocent, pure little boy...'

Harry felt one more question, nagging at the back of his mind. Sleepily, he started his question. "Miss Ivy? Mi-" Harley wagged her finger and Harry corrected hismself."M-mama Ivy? Mama Harley?" he corrected.

"Yes Sweetie/Honeysuckle?" Ivy and Harley answered at the same time.

"H-how can there b-be two m-mommies..?"

Ivy and Harley exchanged glances. He was asking an innocent question...Oh boy...It was only fair they gave him a straight answer... "Well Harry...you've been brought up to know that a Mommy and Daddy get married correct?" Ivy started. Harry nodded in understanding.

"Well hun, turns out, Mommies and Daddies can get married to other Mommies and Daddies." Harley finished.

Harry looked at them and tilted his head, then nodded, showing he understood. So he would have two mommies...That was heaven to him... He smiled and looked up at both of his new guardians. "I-I like that idea...you two are so nice..." he said honestly.

And so, Harry enjoyed the presence of his new mothers...They were warm, and comfy, and they made him feel safe. Warm...warm...Hm... In a matter of moments, Harry had fallen asleep between them. They pulled away and tucked a blanket over him, making him a practical

caterpillar before Ivy kidnapped the pile of blankets and warmed herself, AND got to snuggle with Harry. Harley pouted. "Heeeey...I wanna cuddle Harry toooo!" She whined. Ivy rolled her eyes.

"Give me a turn, dear."

"Fiiiine..." she groaned, counting the seconds. She didn't notice the vine that Ivy had planted grow to their size and wrap around the new mother and son. Ivy smiled, falling asleep. Harley smiled despite herself. Her lover was going to grow too attached to poor little Harry to even remember their plan at this rate. But...in hindsight that was most likely a good thing. Using an abused kids magic? Sick... Smiling, she nestled up next to Ivy's side, resting her head on her shoulders. Closing her eyes, she joined her lover and child in the land of dreams.

They awoke when the plane began to descend. Harry had been scared but they quickly shushed him with their presence. And so, the plane began to land, bringing Harry into his new life... And rest assured, this one would be better. It's a swear. He'd grow happy and healthy, the damage whittling away. He would be loved...

Chapter 2

After grabbing a taxi, Harry, Harley and Ivy got dropped off far away from the greenhouse to avoid suspicion. The two women looked down at their now sleeping charge. "Good thing he's asleep, most children don't do good with shots." Harley commented, jinxing the two women. Ivy grinned and stroked his sleeping head as she walked, heels clicking beneath her.

"Now we should get back to the greenhouse...We need to give him the shot."

Harley happily babbled along, her mouth barely slowing down. She seemed to want to throw a welcome home party for Harry. Ivy vitoed the idea immediately as the Greenhouse door rapidly approached them. Then Harley made the brilliant move of picking up Harry's sleeping head and making him mouth the words, "Miss Ivy, can I have a Welcome Home party?"

Ivy stared at Harley flatly. "Harley, you're going to wake him." She said simply. Harley pouted. Sure enough, a soft yawn was heard. Little Harry's eyes opened to his new surroundings. It was a cold, dark and smelly area, with something warm wrapped around him. His eyes adjusted, and he managed to see Miss Ivy looking down at him with a small smile. "I told you you'd wake him." She lightly chided her girlfriend.

"Whoops..." Harley said with a grimace.

"H-Hi Miss Ivy...Hi Mama Harley..." Harry said softly, coaxing the women into hugging him on either side of him. Though Ivy was slightly miffed that she was just "Miss Ivy"... She shook those thoughts out of her head and pulled her toxins away, kissing Harry's head and handing him to Harley, who happily began playing with him. Ivy went inside the exotic area, glowing with Natural blue and green light, and went far into the back, finding the Serum in a jar.

She grabbed a needle and went back outside. The moment Harry saw the needle, his eyes widened in fear. "N-No...I-I'm sorry! I don't want to g-get stabbed!" He cried, shying away from it. Ivy knelt down in front of him, shocked, and cupped his head in her palm.

"Shh...flower no! This is just so you don't get sick from the flowers!"

"Yeah kiddo, it don't hurt a bit!" Harley smiled, patting his head. The blonde giggled. "I had to do it too, it's not that bad!"

"B-But, it, it, made Dudley cry!" He cried, still very terrified.

Harley frowned. "Dudley? The beach ball brat?"

Harry nodded and Ivy began rubbing him with a wet cotton ball. "Shh...just relax. It will only last a second." She assured, raising the needle.

Harry whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut... He felt a small prick...then it was over?! He opened his eyes to see Harley putting a band aid over the pin hole. "There! Not so bad!"

Harry blinked brightly, then smiled and nodded. "Yeah...N-Not so bad..." Then he felt queasy...he clutched his stomach in pain, and he began to feel feverish. "M-Miss Ivy...I don't...feel good..."

Ivy picked him up and patted his back. "That's just the serum taking effect..." Harry moaned softly into her chest. She continued rubbing his back, shushing him in an attempt to silence him. Soon enough, Harry had fallen unconscious, his tiny form going limp. This allowed the women to enter and grow him a flower bed nearby. "Those powers of yours sure are handy." Ivy said simply.

They laid Harry down with a smile, and the two exhausted women took a seat on their own flower bed. They collected themselves and embraced. "I'm gonna like bein' a mom." Harley said softly.

Ivy let a smile grace her perfect lips. "You already are my sweet...hell, you made him call you his mama."

Harley giggled. "We're gonna be good moms..."

The two women eventually grew hungry, so Ivy left to fix dinner for her girlfriend and potentially Harry. Soon, Ivy and Harley were eating their respective Salads and Cake, Harley babbling between each bite. As Midnight rolled around, Ivy felt multiple tugs on her shirt, making her jump. She looked down to see Harry staring up at her, tears in his eyes and lip poking out. "Good to see you awake Harry! What's wrong flower?" She asked, kneeling before him and giving him a hug.

"I-I...Miss Ivy...? Something keeps t-talking to me..."

Ivy frowned. "You're hearing voices...?" She asked. 'How traumatized ARE you...?'

He sniffled a bit, then continued. "T-They keep saying...w-who's that. w-when will queen feed us..." he said timidly, quite terrified.

Ivy blinked. "...Wait a moment..."

Harley began to laugh as she realized what was happening to Harry. "The child doesn't like us..." the sunflower nearby said.

Harry, quite suddenly covered his ears and let out a whine. "T-There it is again!"

Ivy caught on shortly afterwards and smiled at the child. Somehow her serum allowed her adopted son to talk to the various plant life in the greenhouse! How interesting and delightful! "No no no...do not fear flower. You're only talking to the plant life! Just like me."

Harry stared at his adopted mother. "R-Really...?"

Harley got into his view and nodded. "That means your even more special! Go with Red and say Hi to the plants!"she coaxed.

Harry looked from her to Ivy, then nodded. "Um...Okay..."

Ivy grinned and lead Harry toward a simple Rose Bush, which started to communicate with Ivy, asking where the Human Child had come from. Ivy told the plant she'd adopted him and that it would be seeing a lot more of him. The rose bush then focused its attention on Harry, it's new brother. 'Hello...you may call me Cynthia...' she whispered to him, a branch reaching forward and tickling his stomach, causing him to laugh softly.

"H-Hi, Cynthia...I'm Harry..." He said softly, reaching out for the branch. They shook appendages and Harry smiled warmly.

Ivy continued to show him around the greenhouse, trying to introduce everyone to Harry. Harry had entirely gotten over his fear, and was eagerly taking in the voices calling out to him. He enjoyed the attention that was being given to him. All the Vines hugging him, and compliments from them. Not to mention they were calling him their Prince... He was...happy? Yes...Happy. Very, VERY happy.

For a long time, they played with all the plants, and soon the sun began to rise. Ivy and Harley's eyes widened when they realized they had been up all night long. "Oh geez...I don't even feel tired!" Harley commented. Her's and Harry's stomach growled at the same time. Ivy handed Harry to Harley, who took him to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Ivy stared after them with a frown. Harry was going to have to get used to Gotham... And in a corrupt, crime ridden place like this, some rules would have to be placed for his safety. She thought of some, then pursued her lover and son into the kitchen, where Harley was making Pancakes and Harry was sitting on the counter with a pleasant expression, actually LISTENING to Harley talk. Ivy decided she would speak now. She cleared her throat. "Ahem...Harley could I talk?" Harley shushed immediately. The two of them turned to the redhead, ready to listen to what she had to say. "Okay Harry...where we live could be considered VERY dangerous, so I have some rules that I need you to follow diligently." she told Harry, who nodded.

"Okay...you aren't allowed to leave the greenhouse as long as Harley or me is with you. Don't get into and of the under the sink stuff...that's about all I have."

Harry listened intently, and nodded to signify he would be absolutely sure to follow those rules. "And uh...don't mess around in the kitchen...cuz Sharp things." Harley told him, adding her own twist on the rules. Harry nodded to show his understanding but was confused.

"But how am I gonna cook if I can't be in the kitchen?"

Ivy and Harley both turned to look at him. Harley was also burning the pancakes, but didn't seem to notice. "You can cook." Ivy dead panned.

Harry nodded. "Um...Yes...Is...that...b-bad...?"

Ivy laughed and poked fun at her girlfriend. "Not if you can cook better than Harley!"

Harley pouted. "Heeeey, you said you LOVED my cooking!"

"I said I liked your pastries. Everything else...not so much." she admitted, hugging her from behind and kissing her cheek.

Harley pouted. "Least I can make a real good bowl of cereal..." She grumbled.

Ivy smiled, then smelled the burning pancakes. She looked over to see the pan catch fire. She stared flatly at Harley. "This is why I cook, dear."

Ivy went to put it out, but was interrupted by Harry, who had placed a stool in front of the oven, and was currently getting the pan to stop catching fire, and then set to work on a new batch, soon producing some perfectly shaped pancakes. Harley was slightly upset. Why was a five year old better at cooking than she was?! It sucked... And

it didn't help that they tasted really good! Grrr-nomnomnom... Ivy was enjoying the ecstasy that was Harry's pancakes. But the pestering thought forced her to ask, "Where'd you learn to cook like this?"

Harry looked down. "Um...I...I cooked for my aunt and uncle a lot..."

Ivy gave him a forehead kiss, patting his head. She tried to control her anger, successfully managing it and forcing out, "Harry...only cook of I'm supervising. Or Mama Harley."

Harry nodded. "Oh...Um...Okay..." He replied softly.

Ivy grinned and watched him carefully, soon cooking up all the food in the fridge. Harley and Ivy both grew hearts for eyes as they swallowed down the food with blinding speed. Harry smiled as he watched the two women eat. He was feeling rather bashful...and proud. His own tummy began to growl, and he clutched at it in want, eying the rest of the batter and remaining strips of bacon. Harley and Ivy exchanged glances. "Uh...Harry, let me serve you up there..." Harley said simply.

"Wait...I can eat my own food?" he questioned his guardians.

"Well, of course." Ivy replied as Harley prepared Harry's plate for him. "You made it, you should be allowed to eat it."

"But...okay.." he admitted, allowing for Harley to give him a squeeze and set his plate in front of her.

"All right, kiddo, eat up!" Harley said. "Here it comes!" She picked up his fork to feed him.

"Harles, he's not a baby-" Ivy started, only to be cut off by Harley snapping,

"He is a baby! He's our baby." she smiled, slipping a piece of syrup covered pancake in his open expecting mouth.

Harry eagerly bit down on the pancake and smiled happily as he ate it. Harley happily continued spoon feeding him until he was completely full and leaning against Ivy happily. He was finally fed... He snuggled in, and Ivy saw how sleepy he was acting. She carried him back over to his flower bed and layed him down. Harley followed close behind, giggling all the while. "What are you laughing about Flower?" she humored him, making him happily respond with,

"I-I've got people who care about me..."

Ivy sighed and smiled sadly. "Yes...Of course you do..." She replied softly, petting his tiny head.

He snuggled into his gaurdian his head resting against he chest. He listened to the soft lullaby that was her heart, and slipped into a deep slumber... Ivy looked down at him and chuckled softly. Harley re-entered the room and sat down next to her, wrapping her arms around her. "We make a good trio..."

Ivy turned to her love. "Yes, dear...We certainly do." And the criminal trio stayed huddled together to enjoy one another.

Chapter 3

Several days had passed since Harry had arrived in Gotham, and things had been going extremely well. Harry was constantly fed, hugged, and loved. Currently, they were playing hide and seek.

And Ivy and Harley were completely stumped on Harry's location.

"Where'd the little scamp get to?" Harley asked, scratching her head. "He's some kinda master hider or somethin'!"

Ivy looked under a bush again and put a finger to her lips, in deep thought. Not the kitchen, Ivy and Harley's flower bed, or the bathroom... Where else could he have gone? Ivy pondered this as she searched every bush in the house.

Unbeknownst to them, Ivy and Harley were being followed, ever so silently by Harry, who kept changing positions.

He stifled a giggle. They were so silly! He was right here!

At the sound of his stifled laugh, the women froze. They began to slowly turn around, and at the sight of this, Harry ducked behind another bush. They began to move up toward him, and Harry startled to giggle again.

Ivy and Harley exchanged a glance and smirked. "Oh dear, where could Harry be?" Ivy asked rhetorically.

Harley giggled and got into a confused stance, with her arms up in a V-Shape and shrugged.

"Gee Ivy...I dunno! It's like he's a ghost..."

Harry giggled. Ivy gasped. "What if he's gone forever?"

Harley and Ivy both gasped and looked fake-scared. Harry looked extremely worried and he wanted to step out...

"If he's gone forever...we'll be so sad!" Ivy commented.

"No!" Harry exclaimed. "Don't be sad! I'm here! Really!"

Harry rushed out of his hiding place and ran towards his parental figures, grabbing onto their legs tightly. However, he was genuinely scared that he had made them sad. He didn't want them to be sad! If they were, he'd be sad.

"Oh good! Harley, Harry's back!" Ivy exclaimed happily, picking him up.

"Uh...He looks a bit down though..." Harley replied with a frown.

Harry was hugging Ivy's neckline tightly, with a worried expression on his face. Ivy was attune to his feelings, and adjusted him to she could see his face.

"Darling?" She asked, "What's the matter?"

Harry rubbed his arms, and looked bashful at the realization that they'd probably tricked him into coming out. He bit his lip and muttered,

"D-didn't want you to be sad..."

Ivy frowned and looked at Harley, who grimaced. "No worries, puddin'." Harley replied. "We knew you'd be back."

Harry rubbed his eyes and gave a small smile.

"S-So you're not mad...?" He asked.

"Nah!" Harley replied cheerfully. "There's no reason for me to be mad!"

Harry reached out to hug Harley, and the giggly blonde quickly took him away from Ivy and hugged him tightly.

"Awww cutie!"

Ivy smiled at her lover. She always did have a way with kids. Even when she was with THAT man.

Ivy couldn't describe the joy she felt when Harley finally chose her, and not that monster. She felt so happy she could keep her darling friend safe that she just...kissed her. And when they kissed, their love blossomed, like a flower.

Harley had always wanted a child, a child Joker would never give her. And now they had him. She could see how happy Harley was.

Harley began to cheer up Harry by playing an old fashioned game of peek a boo...which made Harry laugh. A lot.

Ivy felt such intende happiness when seeing Harry happy. It made her feel like such a bastard, thinking back to a time when she wanted that sweet and innocent dear for nothing more than power. She would've been no better than those disgusting relatives he had been with! She could only be happy now that she didn't even have a shred of that desire in her system.

They were a true family. Nothing would change that. However, there was one minor issue...Their lack of activity lately. They hadn't committed a single crime in weeks!

And because of this, the Bat would probably be attracted to their location. They couldn't let poor little Harry witness such a frightening figure! Not to mention their money was at an all time low. They needed to rob a place, FAST.

However, there was another problem...Harry had softened the two women immensely. He was such a sweet and sensitive thing that they knew he would disapprove of their methods of earning money.

Ivy had decided that she would set up an alternating schedule of who robbed what. Meanwhile the other mom would stay home and watch Harry with their lives. That way, Harry didn't have to know!

She decided to talk to Harley about it later though. She was busy playing with Harry at the moment. The redhead smiled fondly at the two.

"Enjoying yourselves?" She asked. Harley looked over and nodded, grinning at her girlfriend. Harry also looked pretty happy, having his mom around.

Ivy smirked and gave them both a kiss on the forehead. "Good."

"Hey, give us another!" Harley requested with a grin.

This time Ivy pressed a kiss to Harley's lips while she gave Harry a tight kiss on the cheek, making them both laugh. Ivy checked the time on a nearby wall clock. The arrows pointed to 12 o'clock. Harry's naptime.

"All right, it's time for someone to have a nap." Ivy said, clapping her hands together. "And then we need to talk, Harley."

Both of them Pouted simultaneously. Harry, because he wanted to play more, and Harley...because she wanted to play more too. Both of them wanted more play time, and they didn't want to stop.

Ivy rolled her eyes. "Five more minutes..." She relented.

The two cheered, and quickly went back to their game of peek-a-boo like absolutely nothing had happened. Ivy watched them with a near permanent smile on her face.

Soon the five minutes had passed and Harry had reluctantly accepted his nap. Harley was pouting too. "Now, we need to discuss how we'll make our living now."

Harley groaned and flopped back on the flower bed, clearly not wanting to talk about serious stuff. Ivy laid next to her, and pulled her into a hug. "...I don't want Harry to see how we make money."

Harley blinked. "Yeah...I get what ya mean. He's a sensitive little guy...He'd be a bit upset if he found out his moms were crooks."

Ivy nodded and replied with her strategy in mind.

"we'll take turns bringing home the income, every time. That way we can keep him unaware."

"But what if one of us gets thrown in the slammer?" Harley asked. "He's a smart kid. He'd probably figure it out then."

Ivy sighed.

"I don't know Harl. One day, he's going to figure it out eventually. He already KNOWS people consider us threats so...what if we just told him?"

Harley grimaced. "Or we could just...get normal jobs...?"

Ivy looked at Harley, and blinked. Harley blinked back.

"...Harley we're irredeemable, criminal masterminds."

"Well irredeemable criminal masterminds should be able to find work too..." Harley replied with a pout.

Ivy tried to spoon her girlfriend, but Harley let out a humph and crossed her arms.

"Harley..." Ivy tried to console.

"I know, I know..." Harley mumbled, a frown on her face. "Ugh...Things have gotten real complicated..."

They sat in silence for a couple moments. Ivy stroked her partner's hair while Harley tried to think of a solution.

"...I don't want him to hate us, red." Harley groaned

"I'm sure he won't." Ivy assured. "He'll be scared, but he'll get over it."

Harley nodded after a second.

"Maybe when he gets older, he can start using the magic thingy to help us too. Like-"

A piercing scream rang through the Greenhouse. Harry's scream. The women froze and stood up, rushing away towards Harry's bed.

"You think he's having a nightmare?" Harley questioned, as they rounded a corner.

"Most likely." Ivy replied, fighting a scowl. "Damn that fat man..."

Harry, in his bed, was thrashing around spastically and violently. In the dream he could hear his uncles harsh words, and even feel the pain in his body from his uncles movements.

"Good for nothing-"

WHACK

"Little.." Vernon growled again

PUNCH

"Freak!"

Before the pain could reverberate throughout his entire body again, he screamed out,

"MOMMY! MAMA! HELP!"

As he said this, his bedroom door was thrown open.

Harley and Ivy rushed to his side and started to shake him, calling out his name, urgently. Out of nowhere, he awoke. His eyes were wide, and his pupils weren't dilating. He was sweaty, and shaking, and seemed to still be in that mindset.

"I'm sorry...I'm sorry..." He was mumbling.

Ivy pulled him onto her lap and held him to her chest.

"Harry? Harry are you okay?"

He calmed down immediately as he looked up at her. "I...I..." He said softly. "I'm sorry..."

Harley moves closer to Ivy so she could get a good look at Harry. The child rubbed at his eyes, looking close to tears at the terror he'd just witnessed.

"Hey, kiddo." Harley said softly. "It's all right."

Harry sniffled again and tears started to fall. Ivy began to rub his back comfortingly. He began to sniffle, and his shoulders began to shake.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Ivy asked with a frown.

Harry was, however, crying much too loud to answer her question by then. Harley moved and pulled the child close as well, trying to comfort as well as possible.

The two women exchanged glances. Their boy was so sensitive...

After Harry had dried up, he began to just hold tightly to Ivy, not saying a word but only trying to express his fear through cuddling.

Ivy continued to hug him tightly, giving him kisses here and there.

"It's okay..." She soothed gently. "I'm here..."

Harley kissed Harry's temple, whispering gentle and cute things to his ear. Harry started to lighten up...but he was much too wound up to fall asleep.

"I...I'm not sleepy anymore...Can I stay up...?" He asked timidly. "Please?"

Ivy and Harley felt their hearts lurch. He must have been spooked pretty badly to force himself to remain awake. Harley took Harry and carried him to the kitchen to make him some sweets. The child laid his head on Harley's shoulder, and waited.

"How's some cupcakes sound, Harry? Want some?"

"Yes please..." He responded softly. "Thank you..."

Harley pressed another kiss to his cheek, and tickled his chin. It managed to make him laugh slightly, and Harley was proud of herself. Together they started working, Harley keeping a close eye on Harry's movements so he didn't burn burn himself. Ivy sat at the table, watching the two happily and sadly. Harry had been doing so well...she was worried this Nightmare would start to derail their work.

But he seemed to have recovered quickly. He looked happy still. He was smiling and giggling...

Ivy decided to wait and watch...just to make sure her child was okay.

After the cupcakes went into the oven, Harley carried Harry over and plopped him down on her lap. Harry giggled, hugging lose to Harley.

"They smell good." He said with a smile. Harley nodded.

"Sure do, puddin'." Ivy whispered something in Harley's ear...

"I'm going to get money." She hissed.

Harley shook her head, contorting her face. Ivy nodded and they continued to bicker silently, before they realized...Harry was watching.

"Mommy...? Mama...? Why are you mad at each other?" He asked innocently with puppy eyes.

Ivy and Harley dropped their angered looks, and put on different faces. They coughed in unison, before Ivy tried to think up a lie.

"Um...were arguing over who gets to hug you! Yes!"

"You can both hug me if you want..." Harry replied shyly. "If it'll make you not mad at each other anymore..."

Their hearts melted right then and there. The two women forgot their money issues, and grabbed Harry up in a comfortable squeeze to their bosoms. Harry giggled a lot, happy to have his mothers there with him.

When Harry had realized that these two wanted to be his Moms he'd been overjoyed. He was getting everything he'd ever wanted...acceptance and a mommy. But he was getting TWO mommies!

He was overjoyed... He snuggled up into them, enjoying their embrace. They smiled at each other.

Harry had the remarkable power to settle arguments...they loved their boy.

Ivy gave Harley a look, and Harley nodded. There was no helping it...they needed money...

"I'll go." Ivy whispered. Harley grimaced slightly. It had snowed, and her lover was not good out in the cold...

Harley but her lip, and nodded, pressing a kiss to Ivy's lips.

"Okay, but be careful, okay Puddin'?"

"I know..." The redhead shuddered. "I'll be back soon, okay?"

(Her body is gonna be rebuilt to, pretty sure.)

Harry looked up at Ivy.

"M-Mommy? Where are you going?"

"Erm...Work." Ivy replied. Harry nodded.

"Oh...Okay...I thought work was in the daytime though..."

"Well...some people work at night." Ivy explained with a shrug.

Harry nodded, understanding. He leaned up a bit, and pressed a kiss onto Ivy's cheek.

Ivy's heart melted. "You're such a sweetie, you know that, right?" She asked in amusement.

Ivy kissed Harry's forehead, Before she slipped on some warmer clothes and left the greenhouse, walking off into Gotham's dark streets. There was a convenience store nearby...